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## WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

O home of graces, home of knowledge, be  
 To each, to all who come thy courts within,  
 Their shrine of consecration for all time!  
 That his great gift who gave his country thee,  
 May rid the land of want, and shame, and sin,  
 And with her women, make her men sublime.

—*Laura Ormiston Chant.*

May 21, 1888.

## MRS. CHANT AT HOME.

Those who have heard Mrs. Chant speak or have heard of her or will read her address made at Park Street Church June 1st, in this number of the *ADVOCATE*, will be glad to know something more of that gifted woman as related by Maria S. Porter of Lynn in the Boston *Transcript*.

The home of Mrs. Chant is at Hampstead, near the historic Hampstead Heath, and is called Glenora Gardens. Dr. Chant, a well-known physician, is a noble man, in entire sympathy with the work of his wife, often, very often, lending a helping hand, and is in every regard fully worthy to be the husband of such a woman. They have four lovely children, and it is something always to be remembered to have seen that mother with her children; their judicious training is at once made manifest. She sings to them the sweet little songs she has written and set to music for them; she enters into their sports; she for the time being is one of them. Into that home how many forlorn, forsaken, suffering, sinful ones have been taken, tenderly cared for, and strengthened through the love and right living there to be seen and felt, and they are made better men and stronger, purer women. Her work in connection with others in London who have the interests of the working women so much at heart, in establishing clubs for their benefit, is of vast importance. I was her guest at a parlor-meeting and reception given to her in a palatial house in South Kensington, the hostess, a lady well-known in London society, the audience assembled a distinguished one, composed of men and women many of whose names are familiar to us all. Mrs. Chant spoke to them of the clubs for working women and especially of the Honor Club that had been established, largely, through the efforts of Miss Honor Brooke, the daughter of Rev. Stopford Brooke, one of London's most eloquent preachers. Miss Brooke recited, in her gentle, inimitable way, a poem of Mrs. Chant's called "An Idyl of London"—a poem that in sentiment would bear favorable comparison with Hood's never-to-be-forgotten "Bridge of Sighs," the enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and as Mrs. Chant's little girls went around for contributions the gifts were in pounds and not in shillings.

In one of her talks on woman suffrage, she said (after telling us that for the first time in England's history there was a majority in favor of woman suffrage in Parliament) with incisive wit, "It is very tiresome to hear it said women should not vote because they cannot fight. Thank God it is beginning to be understood that moral force is more effective than brute force. They say that women shouldn't vote because they have not given us a Shakespeare. The men have not succeeded in duplicating Shakespeare!"

Mrs. Chant was born to the people. On the one side she was related to Edmund Burke, one of the most famous orators and statesmen that England's annals can show;

her maternal grandmother was his niece. On the other side she is a lineal descendant of Prince Rupert, the cousin of Charles I, the loyalist soldier, the dashing, fearless, reckless cavalier, the man so versatile, who was poet, artist, master of the horse, governor of Windsor Castle, and whose ashes repose in Henry VII's chapel in Westminster Abbey. Although he was a Stuart, he was one of the best of them. So Mrs. Chant by inheritance has a rightful claim to her varied gifts. Mrs. Chant sailed for home on the "Cephalonia" June 7.

On leaving these shores Mrs. Chant may be sure that we all bid her a hearty God-speed, trusting that she may often and often visit us.

Of her we can truly say—

As year by year rolls on, at call of duty  
 This sweet-voiced woman will not cease to speak  
 Her words of truth, clothed with a potent beauty,  
 Entreating help for the oppressed and weak.

How much all *women* owe this earnest pleader!  
 This, noble men with grateful hearts, will tell,  
 And recognize in this devoted leader  
 One who a woman's part hath acted well.

## MILITARY DRILL IN SCHOOLS.

*To the Editor of the Transcript:* Nothing was more to the point in Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant's admirable address at Park Street Church, Sunday evening, than what she said of the "military drill" of our schoolboys. Horace Mann, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and others of Massachusetts, most honorable citizens, denounced it, as do hosts of our men and women to-day in private. It is retained simply and almost wholly by the love of parade and show. At the late convention of those interested in physical culture in November last at Huntington Hall, no one, save the drill master in the Boston school, had one word in commendation of the system, while Professor Sargent of the Cambridge gymnasium for Harvard students is decided in his opinion that it is physically injurious to the lads under eighteen years of age. Certainly on moral grounds it is not to be encouraged.

SCHOOLMASTER.

## LETTER TO SECRETARY.

Rev. J. O. Fiske, D.D., of Bath, Me., writes:

"I have lately read Mommsen's and Merivale's Histories of Rome with new amazement at the might and wisdom of that remarkable nation. It was *war*, however, which overthrew Rome. She conquered vast numbers of the people of the very finest races of the earth in physical force and beauty. Those she reduced to slavery. The enslaving of such multitudes of such people introduced the exhausting, devitalizing indulgence of unlimited lust and sensuality. Rome became enfeebled and rotten through her immoralities made practicable by war, and she fell.

"I have heard Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., of the Union Theological Seminary give the same explanation of the physical, enfeebling and necessary consequent fall of Rome."

There is no human being  
 With so wholly dark a lot,  
 But the heart by turning the picture  
 May find the sunny spot.

—*Phæbe Cary.*